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NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1905.

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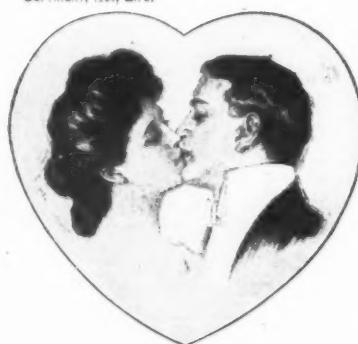
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The Transgression of Romulus.

UP to December 31, 1904, "Romulus," my tame prairie wolf, stood upon a pinnacle of virtue. Not that he was what you would call exactly "saintly," but the property of my farmer neighbors he had never interfered with. Temptations were many, but he resisted them all. But alas for his character, one of my neighbors had a dog, whose hide was black, and whose reputation was blacker. The latter was much older than Romulus, and his influence upon the young wolf was very marked from the first. They romped about for a day or two, and then, one afternoon, they were seen walking away down the road together, as nearly arm-in-arm as two four-foots can walk. That evening Romulus did not appear at supper, and, for the first time in his life, he was literally "out all night." Next morning early, a farmer drove up to the door in a sleigh. Some one suggested that he had come to wish us a Happy New Year, but this proved to be a mistake. He had come to inform me that my wolf had, in the cold gray dawn, attacked his flock of turkeys, and had killed the biggest gobbler in the bunch.

Hastily strapping on a pair of snowshoes, I hurried off across lots to the scene of the tragedy. It was something over a mile from my house, in a swamp, and there I saw a sight which recalled descriptions of the Battle of Liaoyang. For more than an acre, the snow was strewn with feathers, and there was scarcely a square yard in all that space which was not splashed or streaked with blood. Near the centre of this grawsome field lay the body of the old gobbler, famous for miles around, and said to be the largest turkey in Sullivan County, N. H., who weighed more than twice as much as the coyote, and had dragged that animal back and forth through the snow for a long distance before his strength had departed and he had succumbed to the attacks of his persistent little foe. The latter, whom I specially sought, was nowhere to be seen, and though I followed his trail for upward of two miles, I did not get so much as a glimpse of his gray fur.

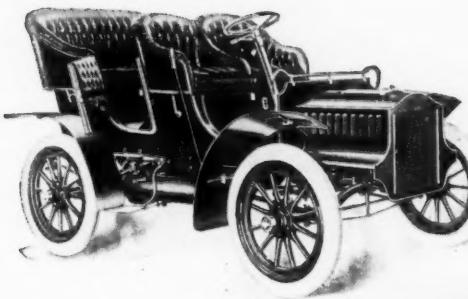
My next move was to visit the outraged farmer, and discover to what extent I was indebted to him. I found him discussing the affair with his wife, and by the way they were both smiling, I judged they were more amused than angry. Wherever I have lived and kept "varmints" to study, I have been blessed with most forbearing neighbors, and Meriden, N. H., proves no exception. When we finally came to the question of the damages—a question they seemed in no hurry to thrust into the conversation—they admitted that turkeys of that weight and appearance usually sold for \$5 at this season, and even offered to "hitch up" and deliver that particular bird at my door; an offer I gratefully declined.

As I approached my house there was a flurry of snow, a streak of gray, and Romulus lay at my feet, whining and wagging his tail, as I stooped to pat his head. He's rather expensive, but a pretty good little wolf for all that.—*Ernest Harold Baynes in The Evening Post.*



Mrs. Bear: ARE YOU GOING TO SLEEP, DEAR?

Mr. Bear: I'M ONLY GOING TO TAKE A NAP. DON'T LET ME SLEEP MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS.



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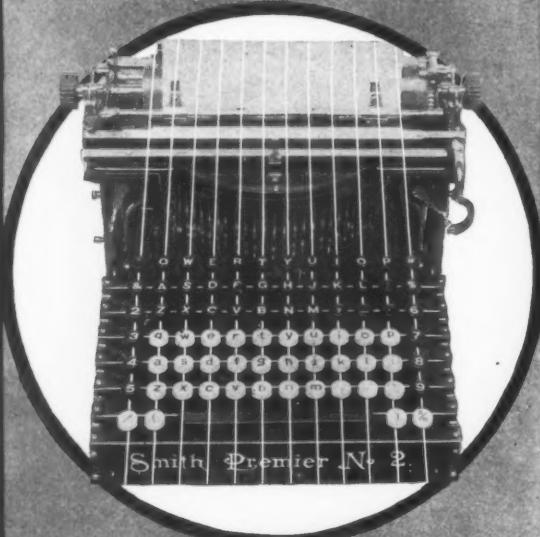
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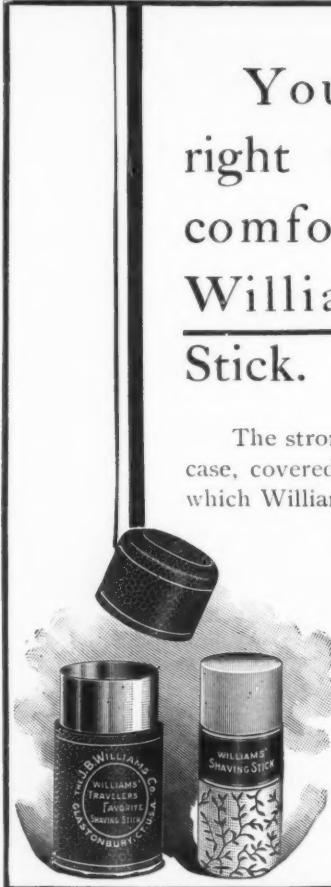
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right to health and
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The strong, handsome, compact metal
case, covered with maroon leatherette,
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is an ornament to the dress-
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LIFE



HIS LORDSHIP BEGINS TO SUSPECT THAT THE STORY HE HAS JUST TOLD IS BROADER THAN IT IS LONG.

The Higher Education.

IN enterprising colleges
Throughout this goodly land,
Where they boast of their curriculum
In terms verbose and grand,
Commencement programmes are not
Even planned as yet,
But baseball dates have all been fixed,
It's very safe to bet.

S. J. Litchfield.

THE members of the Theatrical
Trust do not seem to get much
pleasure out of LIFE.

Girls.

A GIRL is known by the solitaires
she keeps.

It's a wise father who knows as much
as his own daughter.

Once a girl, always a girl.

Never look a chorus girl in the mouth.

One good summer girl deserves another.

Girls are not all born. Some of them
are made.

To love one girl exclusively is an in-
sult to the rest of them—and they al-
ways resent it.

Every girl is as old as she doesn't
dare think she is.

An open secret is the shortest dis-
tance between two girls.

The Idea!

FIRST MAGAZINE EDITOR :
What circulation do you claim?

SECOND MAGAZINE EDITOR : Two
millions.

"Isn't that too much?"

"Heavens, no! Why, we really have
twenty thousand."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IN the New York State Senate the other day Senator Coggeshall, in defending his vote, favorable to the legalization of boxing contests, pointed out that in 1904 only four men were killed in prize-fights, while twenty-six young men died from the effects of football. Legislation against football has been proposed in some States, but as yet there is no law anywhere, that we know of, against the game. In some of the Western States strict laws against the sale of cigarettes have been passed, mainly, though not exclusively, in the interest of the young. It seems surprising that while the Western lawmakers are so busy defending youth from unhealthy experiences, they don't make some laws against overstudy. Two casual items in a newspaper, side by side, both dated March 5, record two deaths from this cause. A fifteen-year-old girl in New Jersey died in an insane asylum, where she had been taken because of "mental trouble resulting from overwork while trying to take the junior and senior years of high-school study in one year." On the same day died in the hospital of Harvard College a law student, who broke down his health last year by excessive study in the college, and had continued his studies in the Law School

against the doctor's orders. We don't know that any one has compiled statistics of the deaths of likely young people that are yearly due to excessive mental exertion, but we would not be surprised to learn that the annual mortality from this cause much exceeds the deaths from all kinds of athletic sports, with a very much longer list of breakdowns which do not have an immediate fatal result.



YET no legislature has ever done anything to check overstudy. It is not even much talked about by our educational authorities. If the college presidents and deans grieve over it, they grieve privately, and without any concerted effort to check it. Excessive study is not only a prodigious detriment to the welfare of the culprit who indulges in it, but tends, by raising the standard of achievement to a dangerous point, to impair the respect which is properly due to conscientious persons who scrupulously regulate their powers of application in accordance with the laws of health. If there is to be legislation to restrain this evil, it should begin in Massachusetts, a State to which large numbers of outsiders go to polish their understandings. If legislation may not be hoped for, the authorities of schools and colleges should at least be stirred up to a livelier sense of responsibility for the fate and influence of the victims of habits of excessive work. Summary dismissal of students whose injurious habits of application seem immedately fixed would be a mercy to such students themselves, and would doubtless have an excellent effect in rendering their pitiable and pernicious example unattractive to their fellows.



MIDSCHIPMAN ARROWOOD resigned from the Navy on the ground that "no Christian gentleman could remain such and be an officer of the Navy." The Navy Department

declined to accept his resignation, and Arrowood thereupon quit his ship without further formalities, and got a job ashore. He was tried by court-martial for desertion, found guilty, and has been sentenced to be dismissed. His sentence is thought to be very light. If so, it is creditable to the discretion of the court, for with a man who does himself an ill turn because of scruples of conscience—whether wise ones or foolish—it is best to deal just as leniently as circumstances will admit. Arrowood had demonstrated that he was unfit to stay in the Navy, and the important thing was to get rid of him.

We are rather sorry for that young man. He has a foolish father, a minister, who advised him to desert. The trouble with both the Arrowoods seems to be that their knowledge of the world and of men and things and principles is too limited to qualify them to shape the conduct of life under unfamiliar conditions. A strict Quaker, or other non-resister, is, of course, out of place in either army or navy, but for any other kind of pious man, to live like a Christian gentleman in the Navy is merely a matter of knowing how. The thing has been done too often, is done too often, for any suggestion that it is impossible to carry any weight. Nobody has to go behind the barn, or into seclusion, to live like a Christian gentleman. Robust qualities are entirely proper for the character, but it is true enough that to live it with the best results in some situations and in some societies, calls not only for principles and for grit, but for manners and for gumption. And it is also true that the essential attributes of the character are liable to be misapprehended by amateurs of narrow experience. It is a great pity when that happens in the case of a sincere man, whose purposes are upright, even though he may be somewhat lacking in sagacity. But with Tolstoi's formidable example before the world, no decent man's self-denying aberrations of conscience can safely be regarded with unqualified contempt, even though they fetch him loose from the usual standards of behavior which govern his fellows.



KING EDWARD SLEEPS ABOARD



THE KAISER HAS A HOTEL TO HIMSELF



DE-E-LIGHTED!



ALFONSO EXCEEDS THE SPEED LIMIT



RUSSIA PAYS UP.



ANTI-NUPTIAL
THE CROWN PRINCE OF
GERMANY SENDS A COOK TO
HIS FIANCÉE

Public Schools.

BUT, as a rule, are not public school buildings unsanitary? Badly ventilated? Ruinous to health?

To an extent, yes. But public schools are free! The books are free! Everything is free! The children may lose their health, but there are hundreds of good health resorts, and no end of doctors, and they have all the rest of their life to get their health back. Anyway, they will probably be sent to college, and most persons go to college for their health, you know.

But much of the stuff taught in the public schools is of no real or permanent value.

Oh, possibly not. But what would you have those do who make up the educational programme for the public schools? They've got to have something to teach, haven't they? Something hard—good mental drill, you know.

Why not practical things?

Oh, bosh! The pupils will get them when they go out into the world. They'll acquire all the practical sense they need while they're earning a living and learning how to get on in life. Any healthy young man or woman will never want for experience.

Trusty Followers.

OLD Mother Tariff, who lived in a shoe, had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Football Ethics in Real Life.

A FAMOUS ex-college football player has been sued for heavy damages for thrashing a New Jersey hackman. He has already paid a twenty-five dollar police-court fine for assault, but the hackman insists that the thrashing was very much overdone, and wants personal recompense for his discomfort. If a graduate football player can't thrash a New Jersey hackman without running the risk of severe pecuniary retribution, of what real use is a football training in after-life? Football as it is played teaches that the real way to succeed is to put your opponent out of the game, and to do it if possible when the umpire is not looking. In the case in question the hackman seems to have been put out of the game, and the police-court umpire said the penalty would be twenty-five dollars. According to football usage that should have closed the transaction, but here comes the hackman, indifferent to sporting ethics, and wants five thousand dollars.

The fable seems to teach that the conditions of action in real life are so different from those in football that the whole system of football education is misleading. Real enforcement of the football rules against assault might do much to prevent misconceptions as to the privileges of muscle in real life.

Handicapped.

LADY: Can't you get steady work?
TRAMP: No, madam. I belong to the union.



"NO, JOHNNY, GRANDPA CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU TO-DAY."



"THERE'S NO USE CRYING, NOW —"



"BECAUSE GRANDPA IS BUSY. SO STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR? STOP IT AT ONCE OR GRANDPA WILL —"

We Are Chloroforming Grandpa.

WE are chloroforming Grandpa,
In our laboratory snug,
For we've been to Dr. Osler,
Who has furnished us the drug.
Grandpa hates asphyxiation
And is kicking up a roar;
Though he ought to die contented,
Since his useful days are o'er.

We are chloroforming Grandpa.
'Tis a dire and fatal plunge,
But we're sure the old man needs it.
(Willie, run and get the sponge.)
Grandpa's such a hale old fellow,
If he wasn't put away
He would still continue working
Twelve or fourteen hours a day.

Little Johnnie (such a bright boy !)
Runs a railroad and a bank;
Baby Jim conducts a journal,
And a Senator is Frank.
Boys of sixteen, eighteen, twenty
Now direct the human race—
What's the use of having Grandpa
Merely loafing round the place ?

We are chloroforming Grandpa—
Don't you hear his feeble moan ?
Grandpa is a nice old fellow
And it's sad to have him groan—
Shall we take him out, my brothers,
Ere he dies beneath the lid ?
No ! we've talked with Dr. Osler
And he says it must be did.

Wallace Irwin.

THE question as to the Aphrodite :
Is she the Whole Thing, or merely the Altogether ?



"OH, VERY WELL—JUST THIS ONCE, BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME."



SNAP SHOTS IN HADES.

A CASE OF ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

Megaphone Orator : THE SHADE UP THERE STANDING ON HIS HEAD IS ONE OF THESE "ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT" FELLOWS—THE TYPE THAT DELIGHTS IN UPSETTING THE PLANS OF OTHERS AT THE LAST MOMENT. THAT DEMON NEAR-BY CLIMBS THE LADDER EVERY TEN MINUTES AND TIPS HIM OVER.

Order.

THE chairlady rapped sharply.

"It ought not to be necessary for the chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any member who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent, is distinctly out of order."

The ladies of the club visibly cringed under this merited rebuke. Many of them flushed to the roots of their hair, and several there were who burst into tears.

Unexaggerated.

"**I**F all the fog that has ever been since the world began were intermixed with all the clouds that have been in the sky since the beginning of time, and the whole compressed into a gigantic blotting-pad, it could not blot out the horrors of that moment."

"What moment ?"

"The moment I tried to use the safety razor my wife gave me."

• LIFE •

To the Rescue.



THE young man who, while on a trip to Europe, became engaged to a New York girl, called upon her in her own home at the metropolis.

"Could you not come tomorrow?" said the maid; "at present she is in the hands of her hairdresser."

The next day he presented himself once more. The maid sighed.

"Alas, sir, this is the day my mistress takes her hydrostatic bath."

The next day he came again. The maid clasped her hands apologetically.

"Ah, my dear sir, mademoiselle is to-day taking her electric massage. To-morrow, perhaps."

The next day he came once more. The maid was in tears.

"My mistress directs me to say that she still loves you, but she cannot now, on peril of her life, stop the facial treatment she is receiving."

This time her anxious lover brooked no delay. He realized in an instant that if he was ever to see the girl he loved again, he must resort to desperate measures. Brushing the maid aside, he burst into the house, stumbling as he did so over a pyramid of health magazines. In the reception-room were a dozen men and women, each with a set of instruments in their hands, waiting their respective turns.

So sudden had been our Hero's onslaught, that before they realized what he had done, he had fought his way through them into the upper hall.

Barring all the doors behind him, he stood face to face with the facial man, who did not propose to give up one of his best customers without a struggle.

A deadly hand-to-hand battle ensued. Finally, with a superhuman effort, our Hero, inspired by a righteous cause, got the best of him and threw him out of the window.

Then he clasped the girl of his choice once more in his arms.

"Daring," he murmured, "now do you believe I love you?"

And she replied gratefully:

"Ah, yes. And now that you have indeed rescued me from my awful metropolitan fate, promise, O promise me that you will take me away from town for a spell, where I can recover my health and nervous system."

T. M.

Unstable.

THE City of Good Resolutions
Is a beautiful place to dwell;
Its houses are spacious and handsome,
Its climate is healthy as well.
Statistics, the ruthless, in spite of
Salubrious situation,
Show no city on Earth can boast of
Such a "floating population."

S. I. Litchfield.

Could It Dangle?

HARPER'S WEEKLY puts an excessive strain on the public imagination when it says:

The yellow journals naturally gloat on the notion that Mr. Roosevelt is after Mr. Rockefeller's scalp. We reserve the utterance of our feelings until we see it dangling at the President's belt.

Metaphor is a useful figure of speech, and conducive to liveliness in literary expression, but it must be reasonable, and must convey a picture that the mind can grasp. But can anyone imagine Mr. Rockefeller's scalp dangling anywhere? We think not. It is a useful scalp, and covers efficiently enough an interesting hatful of brains, but when it comes to dangling, it isn't in it.

Proportions.

FIRST RUSSIAN: Had a terrible nightmare last night. Dreamed I was attacked by a giant.

SECOND RUSSIAN: How big was he?
"Big as a Jap."

Unruly.

A BOUT this date
A steed, elate,
Is harnessed to the Car of State.
He's sound and kind
And well inclined
For everything except—to mind.

A bucking steed
Of bronco breed
That feels his feed and fails to heed
His little bit
A little bit—
He hasn't any use for it.

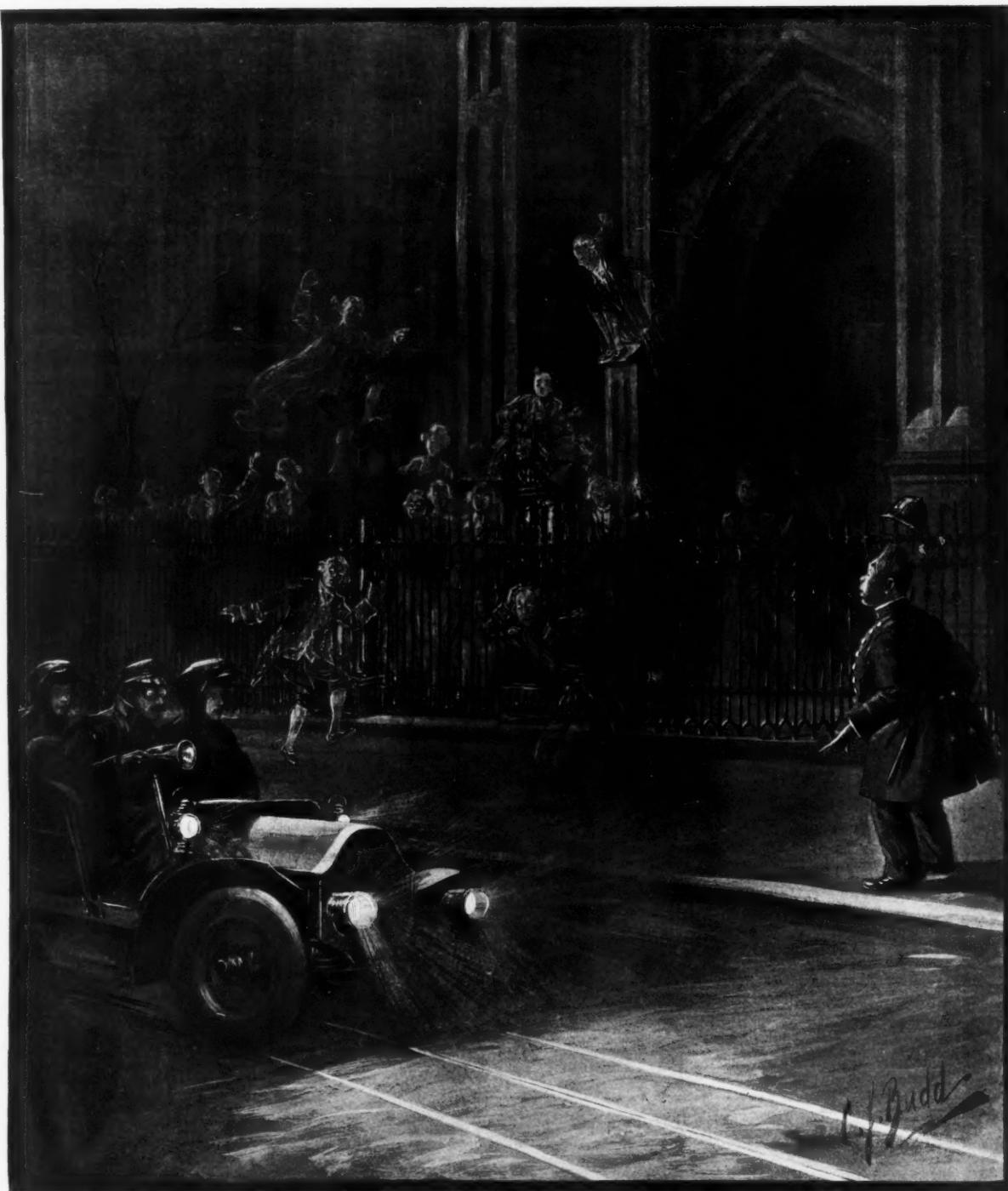
We hope and pray
That he will stay
Upon the Constitution's way,
And lest he stray—
Unduly gay—
Prescribe less oats and lots of Hay.

F. D.



IT'S SO SOULFUL!

IF YOU ARE A MATINÉE HERO,
AND THE POPULAR TASTE YOU WOULD MEET,
POSE LIKE THIS, WHEN YOU'RE SITTING FOR PHOTOS—
IT'S NOT NEW, BUT IT'S TERRIBLY SWEET!



A FALSE ALARM.

Spirit of Knickerbocker: ODSBODKINS! I THOUGHT 'TWAS THE HORN OF GABRIEL!



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CASTLES IN THE AIR

•LIE•



CASTLES THE AIR.

The Writer.

(By COLERIDGE AND ME.)

HE selleth best who writheth best
All things both great and small;
Yet ev'ry scribbler hath one gem
That will not sell at all.



A Foreigner Who Criticises from Within.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, in the *New York World*, makes an attempt to diagnosticate some of the ailments from which the American stage is suffering. His kindly disposition, however, and perhaps the fact that he is a stranger within our gates, and playing under the auspices of the theatrical powers that be, make him dwell with more emphasis on the symptoms of the disease than on its fundamental causes. *The basic truth of the trouble is that there is in the organization which practically controls the theatre in America not one man of scholarly or artistic education.*

No stream can rise above its source, and it is not strange then that every influence brought to bear on the American stage is a degrading one. The principal fault is not that commercialism is in the ascendant. The theatre must of necessity have its commercial side. Theatres have to be built and maintained. Settings, and in our day elaborate and expensive settings, have to be provided to satisfy a public over-exacting in its demands for stage elaboration. Artists, playwrights and persons in many accessory callings have to be paid, and must be paid well in our day of expensive living. The strolling player who can halt his van or pitch his tent anywhere under the vault of heaven, and be his own tragedian, comedian, ticket-taker, treasurer and advertisement, has no place in the modern scheme of things. Therefore, commercialism of the right sort is not only a necessity to the stage but makes for its betterment in every way. Commercialism of the right sort, though, is exactly what the American theatre hasn't got. And what commercialism it has got gives present evidence of becoming worse instead of better.

* * *

SINCE art and business must be partners, if art is to survive at all, it would be well that the rights of the partners should be better defined than they are. As it is, business dictates everything, and business



MR. FRANK KEENAN IN "THE LADY ACROSS THE HALL."

happens to be vulgar and coarse in nature and without even the rudiments of the education which might qualify it to furnish the material inspiration to make art thrive. It knows all about the cost of advertising, how to post bills, how to save expenses and exclude critics, how to promote the fortunes of a favorite blonde or a servile actor, how to insult and degrade the persons who are forced to come in contact with it, and how to exact the last possible penny for itself in every transaction in which it engages. It even possesses the low cunning to secure and make almost unassailable its hold on the material theatrical property in all America. But of the beauties and perfections of literary and dramatic art it knows nothing except by hearsay and by observing that these in combination sometimes make money. Then, for its own profit, it barteres for the product *en masse* of the brains and culture of others. It has not even the ability to encourage whatever inspiration or creative force our country might supply to dramatic art, if that art was not prostituted as a money-getter for the ignorant and gross-minded men who hold it enslaved.

* * *

SIR CHARLES looks for a remedy for the present state of affairs in the establishment of a stock company or stock companies which shall give the proper persons the proper opportunity to secure the dramatic education and stage experience which he finds lacking in the stars machine-made by the present theatrical control. Our English visitor evidently does not appreciate the practical impossibility of establishing such a company with the present business organization in virtual possession of a theatrical monopoly in America. The stock companies in the smaller cities throughout the country are doing something in the way of supplying a rough-and-ready dramatic education and to that extent confirm Sir Charles's belief, but their limitations



Mama Microbe : NOW BE GOOD AND GO TO SLEEP OR THE BOARD OF HEALTH MAN WILL GET YOU.

in an educational way are very narrow, and the influence they exert is a negligible quantity. The endowed theatre which shall preserve traditions, set standards, and foster whatever creative spirit this country possesses seems the only hope for the art and literature of the drama in America. Another foreigner has aptly said that America, great as it is in material things, can never be a truly great nation until it has also become great in art and letters. To get the theatre out of its present slavery to ignorant greed seems the most immediate and important step towards that end.

Sir Charles's kindly criticism has the weight of authority. It will serve a good purpose if it breeds thought and starts inquiry.

* * *

IT takes New York a long time to find out some worthy things within its own borders. There's a paying constituency for Mr. Keenan's experiment at the Berkeley Lyceum, and its members are gradually finding out that Mr. Keenan is working in the right direction. Every one finds something to interest in the varied bill Mr. Keenan provides, and none of the pieces is long enough to grow tiresome. The undertaking deserves the support of intelligent theatre-goers.

* * *



IN Wisconsin the Theatrical Trust is on the defensive. The newspapers of Milwaukee and other cities of the State have started a warfare against the Trust and its methods which bids fair to cost the box-office cormorants a good many of their dearly loved shekels. The feud started by the manager of the local Trust theatre pays the New York magnates of the Trust the sincere flattery of imitation. He excluded from his theatre the critic of a Milwaukee newspaper whose criticisms did not suit his fancy. This assault on the freedom of the press was met by the prompt introduction into the Wisconsin Legislature of a bill making it a criminal offence for the manager of a theatre to deny admission to any dramatic critic who was willing to pay his way. The bill is practically certain to become a law. In addition to this the Wisconsin newspapers have stood together in backing up their excluded colleague and in an exposure of the methods of the Trust which is likely to cost that organization dear with the people of the State. In reply to this and to curry favor with the heads of the Trust who can make or break him, the Milwaukee manager devoted two pages of his programme each evening to reprinting the personal abuse of LIFE's critic which the Trust has scattered broadcast throughout the country. This material, although probably more interesting than the usual mass of advertisements which burden theatrical programmes, was distasteful to the theatre's patrons and he was forced to discontinue its use.

It looks as though the usefulness of this particular manager was at an end in Milwaukee and as though the people of Wisconsin were receiving some valuable information concerning the Theatrical Trust.

* * *

THE burlesque of "Leah Kleschna" at the Colonial is a good basis on which to build. It adheres too closely to its original, but with modifications and the added fun which its author, Mr. Charles Ross, is bound to supply as the piece gets older, it will be an agreeable supplement to the excellent vaudeville numbers at this pretty and comfortable play-house. In the burlesque Mabel Fenton's imitation of Mrs. Fiske will be found remarkable by those who have seen the original.

* * *

THERE is no truth in the statement that a monster benefit is being planned by the New York Theatrical Managers' Association to endow a Home for Indigent and Excluded Critics. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are going to supply the needed funds.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music. "The Darling of the Gods," with Blanche Bates as the star. Picturesque tragedy of Japan with the Japanese atmosphere reproduced with remarkable accuracy.

Belasco.—"Adrea." Poetical tragedy by Belasco and Long, with Mrs. Carter in the title rôle. Elaborately staged.

Berkeley Lyceum.—Frank Keenan and company in interesting little plays. An artistic and praiseworthy effort to get away from the conventional.

Bijou.—Mr. Warfield in "The Music Master." An entertaining serio-comedy admirably acted by David Warfield and competent company.

Colonial.—Better class burlesque and vaudeville.

Hudson.—Virginia Harned in "The Lady Shore."

Lyric.—"Fantana." Conventional comic opera handsomely mounted.

Madison Square.—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Diverting little farce, well acted.

Madison Square Garden.—The only and onliest Barnum and Bailey Circus. Megatherian in its mighty majesty and colossal in its comprehensive combination of co-existing curiosities.

Manhattan.—"Leah Kleschna." Mr. McClellan's powerful play, excellently staged and acted, with Mrs. Fiske in the title part.

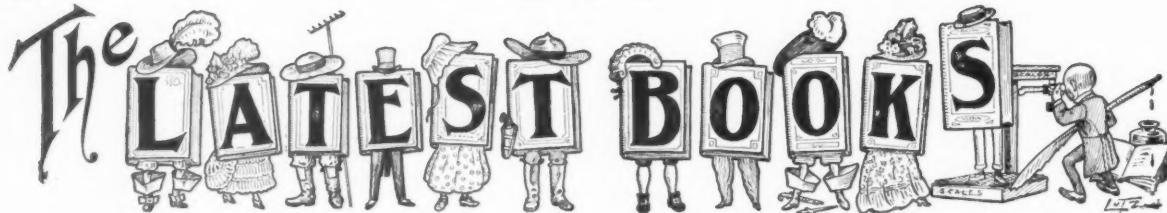
OWING TO THE FACT THAT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES ARE UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE THEATRICAL TRUST, WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO SUPPRESS CRITICISM, LIFE IS UNABLE TO DESCRIBE THE PERFORMANCES THEY OFFER :

<i>New Amsterdam.</i>	<i>Knickerbocker.</i>	<i>Criterion.</i>	<i>Garden.</i>
<i>Savoy.</i>	<i>Garrick.</i>	<i>Empire.</i>	<i>Lyceum.</i>
<i>Broadway.</i>	<i>New York.</i>	<i>Majestic.</i>	
<i>Herald Square.</i>	<i>Daly's.</i>	<i>Wallack's.</i>	



IF

MR. JOSEPH WEBER PLAYED HAMLET.



IT is possibly the unusual privilege of those who read Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* to be present at the birth of an English classic. It is seldom that we can stand face to face with a human soul, for though we speak of the "mask of Death," it is really the "mask of Life" that is the more impenetrable. Yet here one who was master of the art of beauty, and whose eyes had been cleared in the nethermost depths of the dark waters of sorrow, debasement and despair, bares his naked soul to our gaze. The message of the book is the meaning of sorrow, and it is singularly characteristic of the spirit of Christ, as opposed to what is known as Christianity, that the most pregnant studies of the Man of Sorrows written during the past century should come, the one from the pen of the century's arch-heretic, the other from that of its arch-outcast—Ernest Renan and Oscar Wilde.

People who are at all interested in the personality and the source of influence of Charles Wagner, the author of *The Simple Life*, will do well to read *My Appeal to America*, the text of one of his addresses delivered during his visit to this country. It may seem a far cry from Oscar Wilde to Charles Wagner, yet in a sense they are opposite ends of the same magnet, the positive and negative poles of sublime egotism.

One would hesitate to suggest pot-boilers in connection with Mr. E. F. Benson. Nor is it likely that that gentleman is bitten of the popular notion that three thousand words is a short story and three hundred pages a novel. Yet *An Act in a Backwater*, Mr. Benson's latest publication, might easily be taken as evidence that the author is beginning to trade on his reputation. The story is certainly a hasty and, for Mr. Benson, a careless piece of work, and is only saved by occasional evidences of his skill and occasional flashes of his wit from the company of John Strange Winter and Rosa Nouchette Carey.

The undiscriminating (or, as they themselves would prefer to put it, the uncompromising) righteous lose a great deal in this world, and among other things the pleasure of enjoying the writings of Bettina von Hutton. There are few writers of the day whose characters one would more gladly have for friends, but, alas, they are guilty of the unpardonable sin of being unconventional, and so are barred from the company of the elect. *Pam* is the title of the Baroness's latest creation, and Pam and her relatives are as charmingly natural, realistic and entertaining as those who have preceded them in this author's imagination.

The critical biography of *Thomas Moore*, written by Stephen Gwynn for the English Men of Letters series, is disappointing in spite of its technical grace. Moore's

success was popular, spontaneous and without reference to critical acclaim, and he has fallen into eclipse through the action of causes equally unacademic. In dealing with such a writer the office of criticism is interpretive rather than judicial, yet Mr. Gwynn describes the man without sympathizing with him, and analyzes his work without touching the secret of its grasp on the imagination of its day.

Painted Shadows is the rather appropriate title of a new collection of stories, fancies and prose poems by Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne's writings are very beautiful if you read them fast enough; but in the well of his limpid words even a cursory analysis will, so to say, show traces of organic matter.

J. B. Kerfoot.

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

My Appeal to America. By Charles Wagner. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Pam. By Bettina von Hutton. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

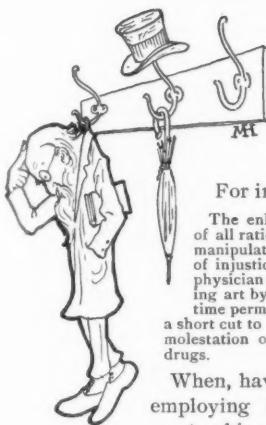
Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Little, Brown and Company, \$1.50.)



J. W. Frazee.
IF YOU'RE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, NOT MERELY ONE IN NAME,
AND IN THE LITTLE COURTESIES ARE VERSED,
DON'T LET YOUR WIFE TAKE SECOND PLACE—NO MATTER WHAT OCCURS,
YOUR MOTTO SHOULD BE ALWAYS "LADIES FIRST!"

According to the Science.



AN article from the *Medical News*, in pamphlet form, has been sent to us with certain passages marked. The markings are presumably inspired by LIFE's recent comments on the rights of Osteopaths.

For instance :

The enlightened medical profession to-day makes use of all rational methods of healing, including suggestion, manipulation, massage, and electricity. It is the height of injustice, in view of this fact, to say to the regular physician that he must acquire a knowledge of the healing art by a four years' course of study, and at the same time permit the Osteopath and all of his ilk who follow a short cut to the healing art to practise their cults without molestation or conditions as long as they do not administer drugs.

When, having little faith in drugs and by not employing them, the wicked Osteopath can master his own science in two years of study, why should he spend four years at it?

If one angel can learn to fly in a day, why hang about on foot, because a brother angel—to achieve the same result in another manner—requires two days?

Incidentally, however, one Osteopathic course of study is three years of nine months each, against the Regular's course of four years of six months each—that is, twenty-seven months of preparation for the Osteopath against twenty-four months for the "Regular." Truly an Alice in Wonderland catastrophe that the Regular should be caught in his own trap.

Revenge.

THE great trust magnate who owned the United States was on his death-bed, dictating his will.

"I leave five millions to Miss Serchlight," he directed.

"What magnanimity, what kindness!" murmured the lawyers. "Five millions to the woman who wrote about him as an iron-hearted villain and a religious hypocrite!"

But the magnate had heard.

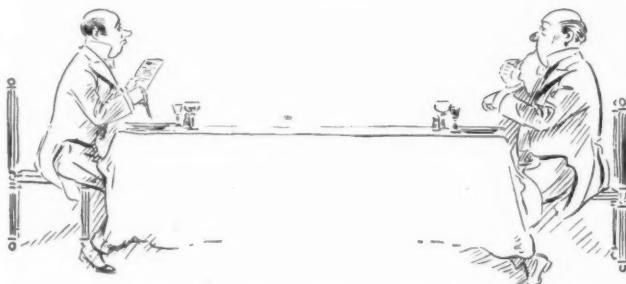
"Magnanimity nothing!" he exclaimed. "If she



"I WONDER WHY IT IS THAT WE ARE ALWAYS SHORT OF MONEY."

"THAT'S EASY, MY DEAR. BECAUSE, WHENEVER WE GET PROSPEROUS IN ONE HOME, YOU ALWAYS INSIST ON OUR MOVING TO A MORE EXPENSIVE ONE, AND LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS."

"BUT HOW CAN WE BE HAPPY OTHERWISE?"



"THIS VENISON STEAK IS KIND OF DEAR, AIN'T IT?"

"OUGHT TO BE, BUT, BY GUM, IT TASTES A LOT LIKE GOAT."

takes the money, she will be cast out as a traitor and a sham; if she refuses it, she will regret the lost fortune all her life. She is a woman."

With a sigh of satisfaction the magnate continued parcelling out the North American continent.

Clement Scott.

Mother Goose, M. D.

JACK fell down,

And broke his crown--

And the next day the doctors removed his appendix.



THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE

To ban, or not to ban—dis har ban question;
Ef it ban nobler for a common geezer
To stand for all dis crazy heartache tungs
Or else to yump in river, or in lak.
To stand, to yump, to drown—dis har ban tuff!
To tenk dat ven yu push yure head in under
Yu ant come up again to take gude breath—
Yu ant com op at all. Ay tal yu dis;
Ef fallers knew yust vat dis game woud be,
Ef ve could tal var ve ban apt to go
After ve die, val, maybe ve ant 'fraid,
But ven ve tenk about all dis sulphur laks,
And all dese little yiggers dey call imps,
Yumping around and yabbing yu with forks,
Val, den ve say it ant no use to die
Until our time ban com.

—William F. Kirk in *Milwaukee Sentinel*.

THE GENTLER SEX.

A woman may know that she has ceased to be a bride only—

When she finds herself saying uncomplimentary things to her husband.

The first time her husband criticises her frocks.
When she discovers she is jealous.

When he grows economical with his kisses.

When she begins to nag.

When he becomes sarcastic about the food.

When she does not mind coming to the breakfast in curl papers.

When he tells her how pretty some other woman looks.

When he begins to eulogize his mother.

When a meal becomes so quiet that she can plan a whole frock between the courses.

When he begins to go to his club.

When she begins to hunt up her old friends, and enjoys calling on them.

When he comes in late for dinner.

When she forgets to come home from the matinée in time to greet him before dinner.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

ESSAYS OF LITTLE ROBBIE.

GERMANY.

Germany is a funnie country whare thare is funnie dogs with long bodys and weener wursts and Beer espeshally lots of Beer. Thare is a Kiser thare

who is the Boss and he has some Ares who will inherit the throan some day if thay doant die.

Germany is bownded on the Noarth by some country i forget the naim and on the south by another place whare I never been and on the East and West by land and Water. The people of Germany love thare Kiser and thare Beer and it is a nice place to live if you aint living in America, and thats all I know about Germany.—*Argonaut*.



THE RUSSIAN DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE FINDS WORK FOR BOTH BEAKS.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

It was late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when a carriage, evidently from the country, drove up to the door of "Anson King, Stationer," and a young woman alighted and entered the little shop.

She asked to see some thin stationery, and after selecting what she desired she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked, softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

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WILSON
WHISKEY
That's All!

Hunter Whiskey

was conspicuously honored at the St. Louis Exposition
by the award of the

GRAND PRIZE
which was the highest award, because
of its superior quality, purity, flavor as
compared with all other brands exhibited

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

First-Class Hotels and Clubs, on Wheels—The Through Trains of... The New York Central.

"N-no," said the young woman.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter, then," said the stationer, as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package.

"N-no," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the counter, and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home this autumn."—*Youth's Companion*.

A LONDON clergyman tells of preaching one day about God's wisdom being superior to man's, dwelling at length upon the fact that He knows best what we need, and provides what is best for us. "It is just as you do with flowers," he said. "You plant geraniums and heliotrope in the sunshine, because you know they will grow better there. But you provide a shady nook for the fuchsia." He felt that the sermon had been a helpful one, so was gratified when, after services, a woman came up to him, and said: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad of that sermon." He was about to express his pleasure at having helped her, when she added: "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."—*Argonaut*.

HIS IDEA OF GEMS.

In a schoolroom the first primary grade was listening to the teacher reading a description of Columbus' first voyage to America. The history was written in words of one syllable.

The teacher reads: "Queen Isabella sold her gems to help Columbus."

"Now children," she said, "who can tell me what gems are?"

Instantly Robert sprang to his feet, his hands waving frantically and his eyes flashing.

"Well, Robert," she said.

"Biscuits!" yelled Robert.—*Boston Herald*.

"YES," said he, letting her out another notch beyond the speed limit, "the automobile has come to stay." Then the machine slowed down, gave a shudder or two and a dry, rasping cough, and stopped.

"You were right," said his guest a few hours later, as they trudged wearily into town.—*Houston Post*.

MRS. L. Z. LEITER, when she is in Paris, spends a good deal of time in the shops of the jewelers and dealers in antiques and objects of art. On a rather dull afternoon Mrs. Leiter visited an art shop in the Rue de la Paix. She looked at bronzes, jewels, drawings, and other things, and finally, pointing toward a dusky corner, she said to the polite young salesman: "How much is that Japanese idol over there worth?" The salesman bowed, and answered: "About 500,000 francs, madam. It is the proprietor."—*Argonaut*.



WHEN the winds of March are blowing and playing tricks with one's apparel, is it any wonder that the eye of the passer-by is caught by such an attractive boot as the **Sorosis**? At this season one must have a sure footing, if falls or accidents are to be avoided; and a firm step is a mark of *Sorosis* wearers everywhere, for perfection of fit gives that sure foothold which an ill-fitting boot renders impossible. *Sorosis is the only shoe of which every part is made rights and lefts*, and is so modeled as to prevent that only too common fault—a flattening of the arch of the foot

Sorosis Shoes are sold in all the principal cities of America and Europe

A. E. LITTLE & CO., Makers of "Sorosis" 70 Blake St., Lynn, Mass.



M & M PORTABLE HOUSES



"I MUST confess," remarked Mrs. Crabbe, "I don't believe there ever was a really perfect man."

"Well," replied Mr. Crabbe, "Adam would have been perfect, I suppose, if Eve had only been made first."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, she would have bossed the job of making Adam."—*Philadelphia Press*.

HE: Pardon me, dear; I know I'm late; but, as you see, I was detained a couple of hours by an old friend who had just got back to town, and I had to tell him all I knew.

She (*bitingly*): But why should that have kept you so long?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

RAW CREAM

is inferior to Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in richness and delicacy of flavor. Peerless Cream is superior as a cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate and general household cooking. It is the result of fifty years' experience with the milk problem.

An Ohio man who was recently elected to Congress, went to Washington to look around and see what his duties were. He was hospitably received, and was wined and dined a great many times by his colleagues. Before he went home he said to his friends: "By George, I have had a good time! I have had dinners and breakfasts and suppers galore given to me. In fact, I haven't had my knife out of my mouth since I struck town."—*Argonaut*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"YOUR bookkeeper seems to be a bright young woman."

"Yes, but she has some very eccentric ideas."

"Yes?"

"Yes. She enters our messenger boy's wages as 'running expenses.' "—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

GRACIE: Maude asked George to kiss her.

GLADYS: Well, I like her cheek!

"So did George."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

GILES: My wife can drive nails like lightning.

MILES: You don't mean it!

"Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."—*Chicago Daily News*.

IN a pinch—Allen's Foot-Ease.

"Now," began the moralizer, "take the life of your neighbor, for instance. He"—

"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted the demoralizer, "if the law would tolerate it. He's learning to play the cornet."—*Chicago News*.

DIMPLETON: Well, old chap, how was your honeymoon—a success?

WARBLETON: Great! The on'y thing that came between my bride and me was a Fonseca cigar.

SHORTLY after the explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts a year ago, a sailor, who was injured by the accident, was asked to give an account of it. "Well, sir," replied the jacky to his questioner, "I reely can't say that I knows very much about it. I was standin', you see, with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a noise; then, sir, the ship physician, he says, 'Set up an' take this.' "—*Argonaut*.

Summer Cottages Automobile Houses Children's Play Houses Hunters' Cabins Photograph Galleries, Etc.

Made by automatic machinery where the wood grows. Better built and better looking than you can have constructed at home and at much less cost. Wind and water tight. Artistic in design. Constructed on the *Unit System*. (Panels interchangeable.)

Houses shipped complete in every detail. Can be erected and ready for occupancy from 6 to 24 hours after arrival at destination, according to size of house.

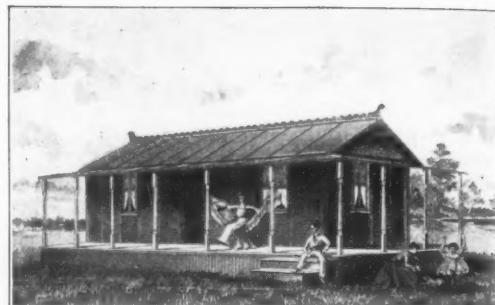
NO NAILS. NO STRIKES.

NO CARPENTERS. NO WORRY. Everything fits. Anyone can erect them.

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Write today for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price at once.

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"WHAT ARE YOU READING?"

"TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE."

"WHY, I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD ANY."



**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**
The Beer of Quality
The vigor of the malt and
the vim of the hops.

**Buy from Our Factory
SAVE A THIRD**

Our plan of selling direct to user cuts out two profits and saves a third on retail prices. Our assortment of carriages and harness is larger than any dealer can show you. We guarantee all our goods. We are bona-fide manufacturers—not a commission house. Send for our free illustrated catalogue.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO., Columbus, Ohio.

GOODRICH TIRES

**Integral Construction vs.
Wrapped Tread Construction.**

The so-called wrapped tread construction is not new. It is old, and came into existence only as a makeshift. There are many objections and no advantages to this construction. It was brought about by the necessities of the first builder, and has been copied by others. The Integral Construction (Goodrich) represents the correct and logical method of building tires and is new, inasmuch as we are the first manufacturers in the world to make a success of it. Many others have tried, and after failure adopted the wrapped tread construction.

We have just completed, by means of an accurate, practical machine constructed for the purpose, a test of each of the leading tires of the world, and against the best Goodrich showed 50% greater mileage.

Specify Goodrich Clincher Automobile Tires on your 1905 car and get the latest and best construction.

Send for pamphlet describing history of wrapped tread construction and advantages of Integral Construction.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. 18 E, Akron, O.

LIFE.

The Players.

THE CENTRE RUSH.

THE centre is a powerful man,
Whose anger it is fun to fan;
At least, opponents think it so,
As o'er the ball he bendeth low,
They say things quite unlike a prayer,
And pull out handfuls of his hair;
They know he cannot well resent it,
Though he replies as if he meant it.

THE GUARD.

This object has the guard, it seems,
To send unto the land of dreams
The fellow who opposes him.
He acts with eagerness and vim,
And lands full many a vicious punch
Where rests his rival's frugal lunch.

THE END RUSH.

He stands alone upon the wing,
And crouches like a cat to spring
Upon the man who tries to go
Around his end. He tackles low
And rubs the runner in the dirt,
Depriving him of half his shirt.
Look out! Don't fumble when you fall,
Or he will drop upon the ball.

THE QUARTERBACK.

Although diminutive in size,
In him the combination lies
That guides his team in its attack
And drives the other side way back.
He stands behind the husky line
And shouts a cabalistic sign.
His team is pretty sure to score
When he yells "Six-eleven-four!"

THE COACH.

The freshman thinks he is a god,
And even seniors oft are awed
When he throws out his giant chest
And tells the players what is best.
'Tis he invents the box of tricks
That put opponents in a fix.
And when the whistle calls to play
He rages like a wolf at bay.
Well players know that nothing worse is
Than being targets for his curses.

—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

THE sportsman can shoot the Hunter One-trigger on a Smith gun just as well with thick gloves as with the bare hands, practically an impossibility with a double trigger. This special feature "makes comfortable shooting from a duck blind. Send for catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

SOME years ago Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness, and was denying himself to all visitors, when Robert Ingersoll called. The bishop received him at once. "I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to your friends?"

"It is this way," said the bishop; "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you."—Argonaut.

Unparalleled Achievement!

IMPORTATIONS IN 1904 OF

G. H. MUMM & CO.'S

CHAMPAGNE

131,330 CASES

The **GREATEST** quantity ever imported
by any brand in the history of the
Champagne trade.

Regarding Champagne Imports in 1904,
Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular of

Jan. 10, 1905, says:

"Messrs. Fredk. de Bary & Co. brought over last year to this side of the water a greater number of cases of Champagne than has ever hitherto been known, and these importations speak in the strongest terms of the great popular esteem in which G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne is held on this continent."



CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors and aged to please the most critical palate. No trouble, no time, no disappointment. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, etc.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London



Give the children
Whitman's
Chocolates
and Confections

Wholesome, pure, delicious
Sold where they sell the best.

Instantaneous Chocolate
made instantly with
boiling milk.

1816 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia
Established
1842



Regular and rational riding in
fresh air and sunshine is exhilarating exercise.

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have long been synonyms for quality.
The 1905 models are better than ever.
Improvements and new features.

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Complete Line of Juveniles.

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Muir's Scotch Ale



Adds zest to the best—drink it;
you, TOO, will become a constant
lover of its goodness and purity.
Brewed in stoneware in Edinburgh
since 1780. Be sure it's MUIR'S.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT CO., Sole Agents.

Asthma

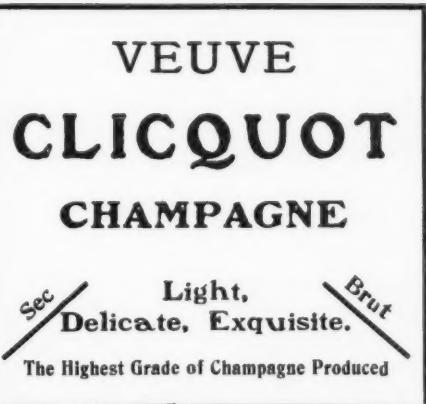
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afterwards. Book 24 Free.

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Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
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VEUVE CLICQUOT CHAMPAGNE

Light, Delicate, Exquisite.
Brut

The Highest Grade of Champagne Produced

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

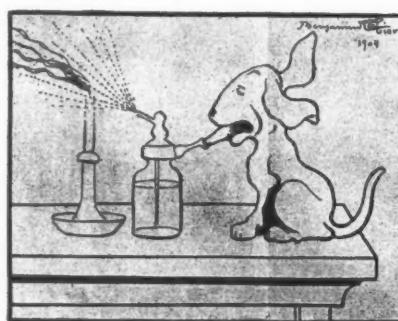
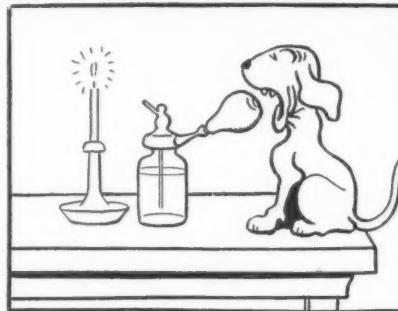


The Peerless Seasoning

Butlers in the best families, chefs in leading hotels and cafes and all first-class cooks can tell you that Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Gravies, Game, Salads, etc., are given a rare and appetizing relish if seasoned with **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**. Refuse imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits, **\$6,000,000**

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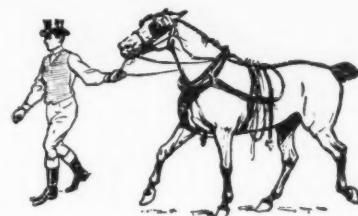
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THE howlers of school children are sometimes apocryphal, but the *Schoolmaster* publishes a collection of artless and humorous sayings which are contributed by teachers themselves. The editor, Dr. Macnamara, points out that children's witticisms are, when authentic, always unconscious. They have not quite caught our meaning—got hold of the wrong word or another word that sounds like it. Hence we get "Lead us not into Thames station" as the daily prayer of Mr. H. J. Barker's young cockney, and "The marriage customs of the ancient Greeks were that a man had only one wife, and it was called Monotony." Then, again, the youthful mind is fresh, alert, and not overlaid with impressions. It, therefore, takes a view that is refreshingly new, as, for instance, "A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box," or "The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and used to illustrate the letter Z." Or, again, two children, being awakened one morning and told that they had a new little brother, were keen, as children are, to know whence and how he had come. "It must have been the milkman," said the girl. "Why the milkman?" asks her little brother. "Because he says on his cart Families Supplied," replied the sister.

The working of the child-mind, the quaint, homely wisdom and shrewdness that it not infrequently displays, and the pathos that—so far as the working-class children are concerned—it discovers, are often engrossingly interesting. Take the case of the reply to the inspector, who, putting a "mental arithmetic" question asked, "If I had three glasses of beer on this table and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied a very small urchin. "But you don't understand my question," retorted the inspector, proceeding to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering assurance, "None, sir." At last he said, "Ah, my boy, it is clear you don't know mental arithmetic." "But I know my father," answered the boy. Again, there is the instance of the little chap driven into desperation and escaping by a wild stretch of the imagination. "Who made the world?" snapped out a rather testy inspector years ago to a class of very small boys. No answer. Several times he repeated the question, getting louder and more incensed each time. At last a poor little fellow, kneading his eyes vigorously with his knuckles, blubbered out, "Please, sir, it was me. But I won't do it any more." Which recalls the old Scotch chestnut: "Why did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side, my child?" "Because the poor man had been robbed already!" was the reply.

Dr. Macnamara remarks: "Much fun is got out of the weird 'notes' which teachers receive from the poorer class of working parents. I have not dwelt much on these, as I never see one of these 'notes' without feeling more inclined to cry than to laugh. I will only dare to reproduce one myself. 'Pleas sur, Jonnie was kep home to-day. I have had twins. It shant occur again. Yours truly Mrs. Smith.'"



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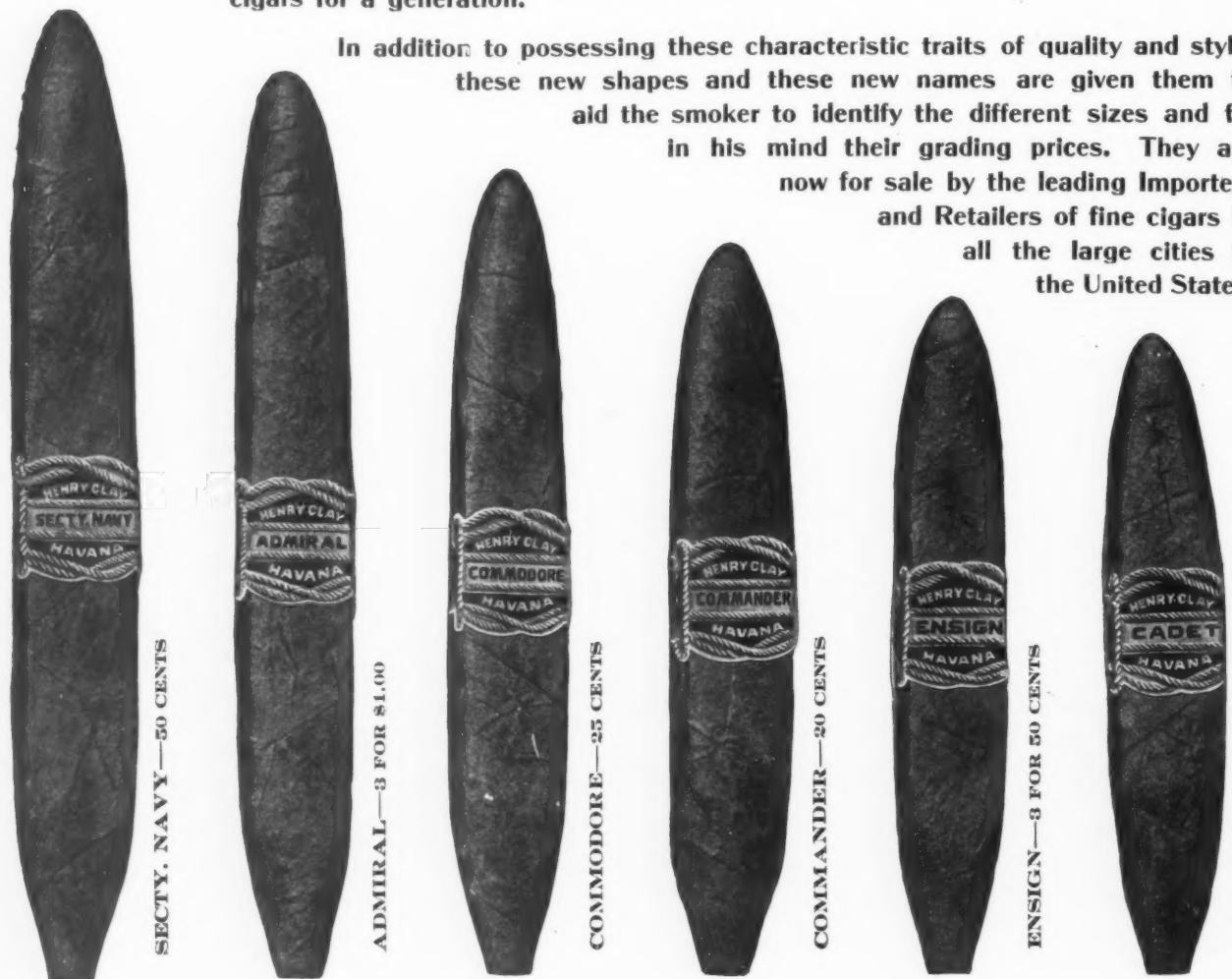
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